

Northman Nomad

by diesel weasel

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Summary: Hiccup and Toothless have left Berk, what could possibly go wrong? Big six story

1. Act 1 part 1

****So here we are starting off when the elder announced that Hiccup will have the honor off killing his first dragon in the ring and he has just left to get to Toothless.****

'Bad, this is really bad' Hiccup thought thinking frantically, for all his life his life was relatively simple. Try to help as often as could but for some gods-only-know-why reason it would almost always backfire. A Vikings strength was his weakness, they were strong, team oriented, hardy people. None of which he was. And in a vice versa turn off events his strengths such as intelligence, creativity, and observation skills were all things most Vikings lacked with the exception of noble veterans like his father and Gobber, and even then they could not match him in that area. They knew how to destroy and kill, whereas he knew how to build and invent.

He was a prime example of an outcast in a Viking community he thought as he walked to the cove, but up until a few weeks ago he never did anything that could make him exiled, like harboring a live and extremely dangerous dragon less than three miles from the village. In fact the most dangerous of all dragons according to the manual, the elusive night fury.

The day he freed Toothless when he was at his mercy something changed within him that day, something he could never explain. The forests became more appealing to his eyes like never before and the village became more and more bleak as the days with toothless went by. Leading a double life. He has been really torn for the last few days, Toothless started off as a risky hobby he hoped to benefit from and his curiosity did nothing to help as he gained fame and prestige which quickly drowned his former notoriety.

He realized because of Toothless he could happily live in either world if he so wished, but now it was apparent. The time has come where he had to choose one over the other and live with the consequences.

The choice became more obvious with each passing hour, the Vikings would get along fine without him, Snotlout would no doubt become chief, with Astrid as his second in command and Fishlegs brains helping, they would survive without a doubt. But Toothless? He would not survive without Hiccup, and the thought of abandoning Toothless after all the bonding they shared rubbed Hiccup the wrong way.

He had made his choice, he was about at the point of no return, his gut was twisted uncomfortably but his resolve was firm. Hiccup walked into the cove with everything he thought he needed to survive, extra cloths, boots, eating wear, spare leather, his journals and some food as well as his dagger, some money he had made blacksmithing and a hatchet pushed through his belt. He had abandoned his fur vest in favor for his riding harness.

The cove he was in really had changed his life in ways he could have never thought possible, for better or worst he would soon see, it was just a shame he might never return to admire it again.

"Leaving, we're leaving. Let's pack up, you and I are taking a little vacation bud, forever." He said, knowing that wherever he was he knew the friendly reptile heard him. He set down the basket and opened it up, double checking all his gear was present and accounted for. Satisfied he turned his attention to his harness making sure all the straps were tight and wouldn't fail, when he heard the scraping of metal on stone. His heart froze.

He looked up to find Astrid, Berks former star pupil and protÃ©gÃ© sitting on the boulder sharpening her axe, with the dying sun illuminating her making his former crush look like a valkery, and he knew she would not hesitate to draw his blood with the fearsome war axe. But he would rather it be his than Toothless.

"Oh u hi Astrid, hi Astrid, hi Astrid" he said quite lamely trying to quickly assess the situation while trying to find a way to escape with his hide intact.

"What are you doing here?" he tried

She admired her newly sharpened axe in the sunlight, satisfied with her work "I want to know what's going on." She said simply as she leapt off the boulder.

"Start talking, are you training with someone?" she asked as Hiccup started babbling hoping she might be satisfied with whatever came out of his mouth when she grabbed him by the harness "it had better not involve _this_" she said gesturing to the harness. When a strange sound caught her attention, not done with the lanky teen she tossed him to the ground to assess what so dared interrupt her long set aside chew-out.

She did not expect to see an unidentifiable black dragon walking towards her. While Hiccup was trying to appease her but admitting he was making outfits. She tackled him to the ground hoping he would

stay put while she turned to engage the black beast as he closed in to fight.

Until Hiccup _disarmed _her and pushed to the ground confronting the dragon himself.

"Its ok Toothless, she's a friend" Hiccup said to the dragon trying to stop him from tearing the disarmed Astrid apart. Toothless was not a stupid reptile much to the common human belief and he knew that this blonde was in no way, shape or form a friend of any kind. But Hiccups underlying message was clear enough: do not decapitate yet. She had ten seconds to improve his mood.

Hiccup turned to Astrid while holding back Toothless. "You scared him." He tried to explain.

"I scared him?" she asked shocked by the thought that an adolescent teen girl could in any way be thought off a scary to a fast and fearsome dragon, then she asked a question that burned in her mind like white fire after repeating that last sentence again in her head.

"Who is him?" she asked, already knowing the answer

For a teen stuck between a warrior and a dragon he seemed quite calm and almost seeming more shy than afraid. "Uhâ€¦ Astrid, Toothless, Toothless, meet Astrid" the boy gestured to the dragon, as he snarled showing his razor sharp dagger like teeth.

All these things were going through her head, Hiccup was better at dealing with dragons than her, he had a pet dragon, and the dragon had an ironic name that made no sense. This past month made no sense, she came here to set things straight and set her world back in order. But this was a bigger conspiracy than she could have ever imagined, this required someone with more power and influence than her, she set off to inform the chief.

Hiccup fully assessed the situation in point five seconds and in his usual witty way he summed it up for everyone present to hear

"Dut-da-da, we're dead" he deadpanned as Toothless snorted at the approval of the leaving female even if she had just shot whatever life Hiccup had here in Berk to hell, that meant Hiccup would be spending more time with him. The possessive night fury very much approved the current situation and decided to celebrate with a nice nap in the sun until the time came when the Vikings would flood the cove. This was the perhaps the best day he had had in decades, but his rider had other plans.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Just where do you think you're going?" he asked his best and only friend as he started to pack the contents of the basket into the saddlebags. They were normally meant for holding tools so he could make necessary adjustments during flight but now they were bulging to the seams with all that Hiccup had left to call his own in this world.

"Come on bud, we got to get moving, as in now." The night fury grunted as he realized there would be no nap for him as they very well would be fly all through the night. Hiccup mounted and the pair

took off into the sky heading south into the great unknown, it was sink or swim time but neither wished to look back now.

But something within Hiccup made him look back at his village shrinking into the distance. He had invested almost all fourteen years of his life trying to fit in, a sadness entered his heart to visibly see what he was leaving behind, almost everything he knew. But his mentor, Gobber once told him something that rang in his head as clear as a bell "Stop trying so hard to be something you're not." Gobber was right. Hiccup was not a Viking nor would he ever, but at the time that was all he knew. But he knew what he was now, he was rare, he was fast, he was smart. And together with Toothless and himself they were at one with the wind and sky, always moving, always changing, forever nomads.

He was a dragon rider.

* * *

><p>(Three weeks later just off the barbaric archipelagos, in the northern end of Norway.)

Hiccup was almost finished sharpening his dagger, in front of him was a dead deer. While he knew how to hunt and fish Toothless was the forager of the group due to Hiccups lack of hunting and fishing tools while Hiccup tended to the fire and skinned whatever Toothless brought back and he cooked his portion. After the first night on their own Hiccup asked whether or not he wanted his portion cooked. Toothless however declined; the black dragon could never quite understand why humans insisted on burning their food before eating it.

Something strange had happened between Hiccup and Toothless shortly after they left Berk, they could start understand each other better much and neither of them could fully understand why.

**[So where do we go from here?] **Toothless asked

"South is my plan, my maps claim the capitol is there and there should be a blacksmith. I have a few ideas for some upgrades and some general maintenance. I don't want to risk equipment failure in the next big storm. From there wherever the wind takes us I suppose." Hiccup explained

**[I suppose that makes sense, what do you want me to do while you are there?] **Toothless asked

"I don't know who these people are or how well their culture reacts to dragons, you will have to hide outside the city limits until I have decided it is safe or not. I might spend the night there so where ever you hunker down I would make it comfortable."

**[Hm, so tell me about human culture, as I feel it is more complex than ours.] **Toothless asked

"We are so confusing even we don't know what to think ourselves. Life is simple but we seem to go out of our way to make it complex. We need clothes to survive but the higher up in society you are the more restricting your cloths are."

This had Toothless stumped so Hiccup continued on

"When a human becomes an adult they either inherit what their family has or they start with the bare essentials and work their way up. The more resources you have the more power you have. And the fastest way to gain more power is to unite two wealthy families to become one, which leads to arranged marriages that leave the two getting married generally unhappy."

Toothless brain was having a hard time trying to process these events and call them normal

"It is to my understanding that if you have any form of power those under you have to almost grovel at your feet as a sign you respect them."

Toothless held up his paw signaling Hiccup to stop. **[sorry I asked; well you were right when you said humans are complex, us night furies travel together in droves, the young ones are the fastest and act as scouts while the more mature and seasoned members do the actual hunting, while we still have respect for those who are stronger, faster or wiser than ourselves it really is more acknowledgement and little else.]**

Hiccup nodded his head in agreement. But then he realized something.

"Toothless, you said you lived in a drove of other night furies, so how did you get caught up in the raids?"

A sadness seemed to crawl over the dragons face as if Hiccup brought up some unpleasant memories.

**[My clan was flying one night, going further south hunting for seals and large fish, I was a scout on recon. I didn't see it happen for I was too far away but the dragons who raid your village attacked and defeated my drove, no one left unscathed save for me because of my absence. They told us if one of us were to join their raiding party they would let the rest leave; ashamed I wasn't around to help I volunteered. They let my drove fly free, in the following years I was their secret weapon to distract defenders while the raiders went for the food. The contract was in place till I was dead or crippled, and a lost tail fin is a death sentence.] **Toothless explained solemnly.

"Oh, sorry buddy" Hiccup said as he went around the campfire and snuggled close to his best friend trying to express companionship as best he could.

After an awkward silence Hiccup went back to his newest project. After Toothless hunted several deer in the past week Hiccup had stretch the skins and cut off the fur with his dagger. He pulled out his needle and some sinew thread and started to sew a new piece of clothing for himself while he was in the city.

"So how can we stop the raiders?" Hiccup asked

**[A Nadder, Gronkle, Zipperback, Nightmare, and Terror clan had united to serve a rare and old dragon. She is powerful, strong and wise and can influence the weak minded. With her in command she sends

the raiders out to fetch her food and press gang any stray dragon who comes near. But that was generations ago, the ones who swore the alliance respected her but she has grown to the point where all who serve her fear her.])**

This was not good, there were hundreds of dragons in raids and they all feared this one dragon? This is something he should not be getting into, for it was not his problem.

"I don't suppose there is any way to defeat it?" he asked as he continued sewing.

[If we could draw the raiders away, then we could try to lure her out, if in our plan we might be able to outsmart her then if we were stronger we could hit her weak points hard and then she might finally be killed. But we are not strong enough yet.])

"Why does it sound like you want to do this?" Hiccup asked

**[She is a monster who is gaining more power every week. In a few decades she might be unbeatable, in about a century, this world will be hers.] **Toothless explained

"Ok those reasons are good enough for me, what should we do in the meantime?" Hiccup asked.

[Make friends with powerful people, learn to fly faster and more swiftly, you need to learn how to fight and I need to learn how to fight with a rider.])

"No doubt none of that will be easy, we will see what fate sends our way; in the meantime how do you like the cloak?" Hiccup asked as he donned the deer hide cloak and raised the hood over his head.

**[Looks like a pain to fight and run in, what is the point of it anyways?] **Toothless asked while sniffing the crudely made clothing.

"I might need to hide my face in the city, think of it as camouflage like your scales but for city purposes, if anything goes wrong I can just discard it in a second." Hiccup explained.

Toothless considered it for a second then nodded his approval and Hiccup stomped out the fire as he finished the rest of his cooling meal. When he was finished he washed his only bowl and spoon in the stream then packed his gear into the saddle bags.

[Shall we?] Toothless asked as Hiccup mounted on the saddle.

"Let's fly" Hiccup said and Toothless took off into a near vertical flight as dozens of meters passed by in only a matter of a few seconds.

For hours they flew over the vast Norwegian wilderness, tall snow peaked mountains passed by and forests filled with caribou herds moved under them like a great big blanket of animals moving across the ground.

Eventually they settled down for the night. Toothless dug a pit for the campfire to live in while Hiccup gathered wood. Using his tinder box Hiccup managed to light up a fire and heated up the dried out meat from the day before.

After half an hour sitting by the fireside with friendly conversation Toothless decided to start sleeping. The great dragon breathing calmed into a smooth easy pace as his body rose and fell with Hiccup leaning against his exposed belly taking in the warmth as the young rider debated his next move, trying to find out how to stop an old and powerful dragon before it became unstoppable. It worried him greatly but something came rolling in from the nearby mountains where they camped, a song.

_Born of cold and winter air
>and mountain rain combining.
This icy force both foul and fair
>has a frozen heart worth mining.

_So cut through the heart, cold and clear.
>Strike for love and strike for fear.
See the beauty, sharp and sheer split the ice apart
>and break the frozen heart

_Hup! Ho!
>Watch your step!
Let it go!_

_Hup! Ho!
>Watch your step!
Let it go!_

_Beautiful!
>Powerful!
Dangerous!
>Cold!

_Ice has a magic
>can't be controlled.
Stronger than one, stronger than ten,
>stronger than a hundred men! Ha!

_Born of cold and winter air
>and mountain rain combining.
This icy force both foul and fair
>has a frozen heart worth mining.

_So cut through the heart, cold and clear.
>Strike for love and strike for fear.
There's beauty and there's danger here
>Split the ice apart
Beware the frozen heart..._

The deep baritone put Hiccups mind at ease, and soon he had drifted off into a deep slumber with his best friend.

Morning came around faster that Hiccup would have cared for but he and Toothless packed up and started to head further south into unknown territory for the both of them. The dawn sun was rising in Norway from the east as the greying sky and the orange ball of fire crept up from the horizon signaling the start of a new day, and in the distance lay the beautiful city Arendelle.

**A/N: well I am going back and adding and fixing as I see fit. I

don't ask for reviews just because I am lonely it is because I want to make this a better story. Anyone who gives me a review that goes along the lines of "Nice story" "more chapters" "a little rushed" please know to those who do that you are next to useless for my case, if you want more details ask! If you want more dialog then ask! If there is problems I go back and fix them and hope the story is better! Please review.**

2. Act 1 part 2

So it is three years until the main storyline of Frozen you all know and love, the parents are still alive and things are alright; if you don't know what I am talking about chances are you haven't seen the movie, so there are going to be some SPOILERS.

Hiccup moved through the city as stealthily as he could, he wasn't sure whether or not people would like him or not or the gods forbid he meets a Viking who are docked here resting or repairing a ship. He had a notoriety for being the next chief in training in the history of the barbaric archipelagos and most Vikings knew him on sight.

Hiccup was in no hurry and truth be told he really liked this city, the people were cheerful enough and smiled at him, and not only that the castle was a sight to behold, at least for a Viking villager boy. He sat down on one of the convenient benches and took out his journal. He took out a charcoal stick and began a detailed sketch of the castle. He had nowhere to be any time, for it was one of the perks o no responsibility and total freedom and was content to sit there and draw for the better part of a quarter hour.

Then he heard signs of struggle behind him. Keeping his hood up and face down as if still occupied with his journal he discretely turned his head to see three burly men in front of a stall owner, all of them had daggers concealed in their belts but Hiccup noticed them clear as day. It was a robbery.

"Look just hand over your money and we will be on our way, simple right?" he said to the horrified stall owner. The poor old man reached underneath the counter and pulled up a pouch with a fistful of coins. "Nice doing business with you." The brute chuckled evilly.

A scowl was now burned into Hiccups face. After years of dealing with his bully of a cousin his tolerance for bullies had now dropped to zero. His mother had always taught him what was right and wrong, he had never truly had ever tried hard to live by his ideals and principals butt now was a time for transition for him, a time of metamorphose for his mind, body and spirit. The tables had turned, the hunted had now become the hunter. He turned his journal shut and stuffed it onto his back bag. He walked over to see the stall owner with a sad look on his face. "I need your best map, a compass, two charcoal sticks or a well of ink, a blanket, a spool of thread please" Hiccup said and the old man rummaged through the stall and presented everything Hiccup requested for, which was surprising.

Before the stall owner began to haggle Hiccup reached into his purse and gave him more than the stuff was probably worth. The owner raised

his eyebrows in surprise but before he could say anything Hiccup shoved the stuff into his pack and gave him a quick wink before he left.

He made about a whole ten feet before a voice in the alley addressed him.

"So I see you don't like bullies, maybe we can put a stop to it." A teenage boy walked out of the darkness of the alley; he had brown hair, white shirt, blue vest as well as simple pants and boots, he had the look of a thief on his face that did nothing to help Hiccup. He held out his for him to shake

"I am Flynn Rider"

* * *

><p>Elsa was not happy, not today or in the better part of the past decade. But in all fairness she had legitimate reasons. She had to all but isolate herself from her servant's friends, family and sister, in other words everyone but her parents. Why? Because she had powers, she could summon ice and snow at will, but she was losing control as the years past and she was becoming afraid.<p>

It wasn't the loneliness that bothered her, it was the fear of hurting people. She just wanted to be normal, even if it meant being a normal princess. Almost nothing they tried worked, the only one who had seemed to not give up hope was her father. He was a family man and wanted the best future for his children as well the kingdom, his eldest daughter was the most noble soul he had ever seen agreeing to self-isolation in her room without even having to be told and she seemed to be coping well enough though he knew the lack of contact with her sister was all but destroying her. She tried to put her all into any attempt to control her powers after years of failure. After all she has been through and never complained he couldn't help but feel the pride swelling in his chest.

"Do you have to go?" Elsa asked afraid to see her parents leave for the first time in years

"Don't worry Elsa, we'll be back in a few weeks"

With that they left and the princess couldn't help but feel a sense of impending doom in the pit of her stomach.

* * *

><p>"Mr. Haddock" Hiccup tried; going for a more formal approach. Flynn raised an eyebrow in curiosity but kept his mouth shut and nodded.<p>

"So what do you need me to do?" Hiccup asked

A sly grin washed over Flynn's face as he got down to business. "Ok the brutes you saw there are at large, I know the tavern they go to drink in, the plan is you cause a distraction while I bumps pass them and steal the money back, they will chase you down so you can either lose them or get the guards attention, got all of this?" the Flynn asked.

"What's in it for you? No normal rebel could formulate a plan that fast, and his charisma did nothing to settle his stomach that this could end badly for him. Hiccup made up his mind and nodded his approval. He noticed that guards were always posted closer to the castle, if he could get there they guards would get them, if not all the years of running from monstrous nightmares would come in handy.

'Let's go!' Flynn said and took off at a dead run down the alley. Hiccup followed suit, though he had to admit after a few minutes of running he was surprised when Flynn started scaling up a ladder where a carpenter was shingling a house. Hiccup followed Flynn up the ladder where Flynn started hopping from rooftop to rooftop to the other side of the town. It was perhaps one of the most bizarre things he had ever done, it require a total confidence in his balance and coordination, something he had never exceeded at, but like most cases for him lately when it came to whether or not he would sink or swim he did an overall ok job. A few people stopped to see them go over streets but otherwise most people seemed to be oblivious to their presence.

Flynn eventually stopped on one rooftop overlooking a tavern and Hiccup squatted next to him to take a second to catch his breath, noticing Flynn wasn't even winded in the slightest.

'He has been doing this longer than I have been smithing' Hiccup thought to himself.

The two climbed off the roof and crossed the street, Flynn opened to door of the smokey tavern and entered first. Flynn must've seen the three brutes at the bar because he took a seat right next to them. Hiccup wondered what to do next, he noticed the leader who stole the money had a pendent on. Going forward with a half-baked idea Hiccup walked to the three Brutes, kicked the closest one as hard as he could which sent him over the bar. Hiccup close the gap between him and the dumbfounded leader and grabbed the pendent and yanked hard enough for the cord to snap. He kneed him in the crouch and sprinted out of the bar while everyone was gawking at the kid who seemed to have balls made of cast iron.

After thirty seconds of sprinting down the main street with two very pissed off brutes in pursuit he hoped that it was a big enough distraction for Flynn to grab the stolen money, but at this point Hiccup didn't dare look back to find out.

He ran as fast as his feet could carry him and he sorely wished Flynn had given him more time to rest before they started this whole fiasco. Hiccup doubted he had gained any ground on his pursuers. But the castle came into view and he started praying to the gods that someone was on duty. He weaved through the crowds with his shorter stature playing to his advantage but the two had longer legs which made them about even.

Hiccup glanced back to see that the two were starting to close the gap and then he looked ahead to collide with someone head on. In about point seven seconds he registered two people who were obviously wealthy as well as their escort that consisted of two guards. He prayed that the two guards had enough sense to try to stop the two brutes who would be here in a matter of seconds and not the cloaked person by running from them.

Instincts got ahold of his body and he got up and continued his sprint. His mind worked frantically as he tried to find a way to make his escape, he cut to an alley where when he glanced back he saw the two guards restraining the leader but his friend was still in pursuit. Hiccup ran from alley to alley hoping to find a latter or someplace to hide, what did he get? A dead end.

Now seeing his prey cornered the man drew forth his dagger while Hiccup drew out his dagger and held it upside down in his left hand while in his right he drew his hatchet. The two squared off ready to fight, and while the brute may have fought people bigger in his day Hiccup guessed he wasn't used to fighting dragons on a weekly basis.

But before any blows could be given a man in a suit tackled the brute in an attempt to restrain him. Hiccup adapted to the situation quickly and hit the brute behind the ear with the handle of his hatchet hard enough to knock him out.

The man in front of him got up and offered a smile to the young dragon rider and offered his hand

"Well that wasâ€¦interesting, oh, where are my manners? Hello young man, I am the king of Arendelle."

This was not the way he wanted to get on a royals first impression so he did not want to give him his name. Check. His hood was up so he didn't know too well what his face looked like. Good, now he had to keep it that way until he could meet him the way Hiccup wanted to meet him. So shaking his hand and start talking was out of the question because next to come would be questions. He needed to do something.

This all went through his head in two seconds before he ran around the king and down the alley. He heard the king running after him but he was not as fast as Hiccup was. Hiccup found a latter and ran up it and was soon on the rooftops covering ground faster than the king could. While Hiccup tried to evade him he simply didn't know the city well enough to cut off the king, but luck seemed to smile on Hiccup because soon the king was out of sight and Hiccup abandoned the poorly made cloak preferring to walk around in his riding harness without a care in the middle of the crowd.

Hiccup continued to walk down the streets admiring the view when he heard

* * *

><p>"Hey, Haddock, over here!" Hiccup turned to see his temporary partner in crime in the town's jail beckoning him to come loser. "Oh the gods must hate me." He said and throwing a few Norse curses in for effect. He didn't know what Flynn was thrown in jail for but he already had part of his name and he really didn't want to risk it being soiled after all he had went through and was perhaps going to go through.<p>

"How in the Hel does a loser like you get thrown in here when I am the one who has the center stage?" Hiccup all but growled out in a low voice so only Flynn could hear.

"The guy you kicked was the one holding the money, I tried to help him up and steal it off him but the bartender knew both of us by our reputations and threw us both in here."

Hiccup closed his eyes and massaged his temples in order to try and quell the massive headache rolling in. "who has the key and where can I find him?" Hiccup asked, his patience nearing its end.

"The sheriff, he sits on the porch reading a mystery novel, I it's the only key on the ring, you can't miss it."

Hiccup walked around the building to find the sheriff reading his book and the key was in sight. Getting quite tired of being in this town already he sat down on another bench and for the second time that day he took out his journal and sketched what he saw in case someone decided to look over his shoulder, he drew down everything he saw with fine detail, including the key. Hiccup rose from his spot looked around town, as messed up as his day had been so far he had to admit the town was quite nice, not too big or small, it had the population size of about Berk, but all the people seemed to be friendly. Maybe this wouldn't be the worst place to retire.

Hiccup soon found what he was looking for, people were building a house and Hiccup made his way over to the pile of scraps that were put into a bonfire. Hiccup rummaged around until he found a small plank of wood, he quickly traced using his charcoal stick an estimate size of the key and the approximate location of each tooth on the key itself.

Pleased with his work Hiccup made his way over to the jail where he found Flynn waiting by the window patiently for him.

"Where did the money go?" Hiccup asked.

"I explained the situation of where the money came from and it was returned to the rightful owner" Flynn said with almost a faint scowl on his face.

"But?" Hiccup tried

"I still have a standing record so here I am" Flynn put simply.

"Have you told my name to anyone?" Hiccup asked

"Nope, but in the world of thieves there is a price for silence" Flynn said with his cocky smirk returning

"The key to your escape?" Hiccup guessed only half interested at this point and Flynn nodded in conformation. Hiccup passed the plank to a dumbfounded Flynn and Hiccup explained.

"You only have half of my name so you get to be staying here for a few more hours, hope you are good at whittling!" Hiccup said as he walked away. But as he did he overheard the sheriff.

"His majesties ship left the docks a few hours ago, but I must confess I have a bad feeling about this." The guard said to the sheriff "Why?" he asked in turn. "Look to the horizon, don't you see

those thunderheads? I tell ya, I may not be no sailor but I know for a fact storms are bad news even for the mightiest of ships."

Hiccup looked to the sky and saw it was beginning to darken, he broke into a run to check up on Toothless. He himself was getting a bad feeling.

Hiccup found Toothless nested down in a cave where he had left him, he then took off his stuff and started unpacking while preparing for a stormy night.

* * *

><p>(Sometime later in the forest outside Arendelle)

"Sounds like there is going to be rain tonight bud." Hiccup said as he started gathering wood for a fire.

**[I will agree to that, I feel pity for any foolish human who will be out in this storm] **Toothless stated as he unrolled from his comfortable balled up form

"Yeah, some guards said that the storm will be hard on any ships out there today"

[Hard? I have lived longer than any mortal and I know massive gales like this one. All dragons in the area will have nested by now, any human ship out there will never be seen again]

At the new light on this news Hiccup shot ramrod straight and the act didn't go unnoticed by Toothless.

[What stupid plan have you made now?]

"The kings ship left port today, could this storm sink a boat the size of an adult whale?" Hiccup asked starting to get worried.

[A ship the size of a whale might last ten minutes longer, give or take, why do you think this king could be an ally?]

"Probably the only king I will meet that will tackle down thugs for strangers, come on Toothless let's see what we can do!"

* * *

><p>(Several miles offshore in the thick of the tempests)

With that Hiccup double checked the harness and the saddle rig on Toothless. Satisfied the pair launched into the air becoming one with night's stormy sky.

It took a while for them to find and it was not easy getting to that point, flying through that storm was some of the most miserable flying Hiccup had ever expected, and they kept pushing on hoping by some miracle to save the lives of as many as they could. Toothless found the ship first and only because the lightning had illuminated the ship.

The two nosed dived down to the ship that was facing waves as high as the tallest mast. Toothless landed in the middle of the deck only to be washed to the ships rail by an unseen incoming wave.

Hiccup quickly took stock of the doomed ship's situation as he dismounted a flustered and wet Toothless. The sails were rigged for the storm and most of the crew would be below decks waiting out the storm with the exceptions of the lookout and the pilot. He grabbed the nearest sailor he could find by the vest and had to scream in his ear to be heard over the deafening thunderstorm "WHERE IS THE CAPTIAN?" the sailor almost responded but another wave hit the deck and the man ended up with a mouthful of sea water, gagging all the while he pointed to the helm where the captain and pilot were together trying to keep the ship going strait.

Hiccup ran over to the man careful not to fall on the slippery decks and shouted at him "WE NEED TO ABANDON SHIP!" the captain fueled by the adenine the storm had brought on had grabbed Hiccup by the collar and pulled him so they were nose and nose. "YOU SERIOUSLY THINK A ROWBOAT WILL LAST LONG OUT HERE?" he bellowed at Hiccup. He was worried about the dragon on his ship but if he tried to take care of it the dragon wouldn't be the death of them, the same couldn't be said for the storm.

"IF WE ARE GOING FAST ENOUGH YES, HAVE ALL THE MEN ROW TOGHTER AND WE WILL TIE MY DRAGON TO THE BOAT WITH A ROPE"

The captain considered this for a moment "DOES YER BEAST HAVE THE ENDURANCE?" he asked, the look in his eye told Hiccup he was looking for a Hail Mary.

"IF NOT THEN CUT US LOOSE, WE CAN CARRY TWO OTHER PEOPLE BUT WE WILL HAVE ONLY ENOUGH TIME FOR THAT TRIP, THE REST ARE ON THEIR OWN!"

The captain considered Hiccups offer and nodded before bellowing "ABANDON SHIP! ALL HANDS ABANDON SHIP!"

Working like a demon Hiccup found a one hundred feet long piece of rope and tied it off to the saddle but had it within easy reach of Toothless in case he had to cut the line with his claws. He took the other end and tied it off to the boat that was being prepared. Hiccup noticed the king and queen were already seated in the boat by the sailors as they lowered it down to sea.

By time all the people left alive were on the boat was none too soon for the ships started to flounder as it took on water.

"FLY TOOTLESS!"

Hiccup and Toothless took flight and took up the slack in the rope as they began to tow the boat back to shore with the remaining 30 lives left on board. Hiccup looked back to see the storm illuminate the ship one last time before she sank beneath the waves of the sea.

It was fifteen minutes to shore and Hiccup was the first to admit Toothless was a trooper for all the storm had to throw at him Toothless took it all and pushed on ever further even though Hiccup could tell the dragon was beginning to tire even if all the hands in the boat were rowing to ease the dragons burden. But he never complained once as he gave it his all

When they were five minutes to shore all Hel broke loose. The line snapped at Toothless collar from too much strain and the rowboat was beginning to flounder. Hiccup had Toothless began to hover over the survivors to talk to the captain but when he saw him he saw grim acceptance on his face as well as the entire crews face, the captain pointed to the king and queen and once again managed to bellow over the storm "GET THEM TO SHORE! WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES FORM HERE LAD!" the king mounted up behind Hiccup while Toothless took the sick queen in his claws.

Now running on his reserve strength Toothless took to the air again and sailed to the shore while Hiccup turned to look back, those were some of the most brave men he had ever seen, he and Toothless were their last hope for life but they forfeited it for the sakes of their king and queen, he resolved to make a memorial in their honor and sacrifice if they didn't make it. They probably wouldn't.

Toothless pushed and pushed higher and higher until he was too weak to climb any longer then he tried to glide to the coast but the wind wouldn't let that happen so it became a mixture of gliding and diving for the coast. The landing was not soft; Toothless tried to slow his decent once they were overland but his wings refused to listen to him. He tried to make it as soft as they could but in the end when they had slowed down considerably, too tired to care toothless angled so his side had meet with a tree when they were close to ground level where there they crashed.

Hiccup was the first to get his bearings and he noticed the graceful dragon had passed out from over exertion. He then pulled out the queen who was ice cold and her temperature was dropping quickly. He picked her up and found a nearby shelter of trees. He set her down so that she was now out of the rain and returned for the king to find him half awake and very drowsy and weak. Hiccup half dragged him so he and his wife were now both under the shelter the trees provided. Hiccup knew they were now in the final stages of hypothermia and all his blankets were wet. He cursed and went to try to start a fire but all attempts were futile because all the wood in the area were saturated by the storm, so he finally gave up out of frustration after an hour.

"Paper" he heard the king say weakly

Hiccup retuned to the slumbering Toothless and got one of his journals and tore out one of the few pieces of paper that were not wet as well as a charcoal stick. When he handed them to the weak king he nodded his thanks and began writing. It took him ten minutes but when he was one he gestured for Hiccup to come over where he handed him back the paper folded over.

"Should we not make it through the night, promise me you will deliver this too my daughters" the weak king pleaded.

Hiccup nodded and tucked the note away. "What is your name?" the king asked as Hiccup settled down for the few hours of night left. "Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third" the king nodded weakly as if his life force were flickering.

"Should anything happen to us if you were to protect our daughters we would be eternally grateful, but if it is too much I understand,

tonight you did more than I could have hoped from most" Hiccup smiled at the compliment "I will do what I can" wit that the king laid back his head and rested against his wife and Hiccup finally nodded off, too tired to stay awake.

When he woke up neither the king nor queen were moving and when he touched their skin it felt like stone. He cursed under his breath and returned to Toothless. He had work to do.

* * *

><p>(A few hours later)

Hiccup returned from the town with a basket of fresh fish for Toothless. After Hiccup woke up that morning he noticed that Toothless had several bruised ribs so he had the dragon take it easy today. When he returned to the camp he saw that Toothless had gone off to the side of camp and had dug out a shallow trench.

Overall the events of last night had left a very bitter taste in his mouth. He had found more than a dozen things he though he did wrong or could have done better such as having dry firewood ready, tied the rope on Toothless better among other things.

Hiccup dragged the two dead royals over to the shallow graves. He laid them next to each other with their arms at their sides. The simple act put more grief in his heart, he felt like a bigger failure than when he was in vain trying to be a Viking on Berk. He was a dragon rider for crying out loud! The royals should at least have lived. Figures, he finally finds his calling and it turns out he sucks at that as well.

The recuperating night fury must have sensed his riders internal struggle **[We did the best we could with what we had, had we tried to only save the king and queen yes they may have had a better chance at living; but the reality is we have only been dragon and rider for a few months. We need to learn how to become one in mind, body, and spirit in a moment's notice should we want to attempt something like this. Besides your original plan **_**should**_** have worked but we need better equipment. I am not saying you should have abandoned the crew because none of us knew what the turnout was to be; but it shows you have a noble and caring heart. Anyone can grow stronger, but it is much more difficult to gain compassion.]**

The words of wisdom seemed to lift a little weight off the young rider's shoulders, but that was only half of his problems right now.

"I still have to deliver the kings message" Hiccup said

[I agree, their young ones deserve to see the contents on the parchment. but I must ask, are you going to explain the situation to them.]

Hiccup seemed to be at war with himself at the idea. "Maybe, but not today." Toothless was confused as to why his rider would not give the people the true story from the very start, but then he was not an expert on human culture so he decided to trust that his human knew what he was doing as he walked out of the cave.

* * *

><p>(A few days later in the Arendelle cemetery)

Anna felt like a hole had entered her life. With the passing of both of her parents she felt them leave a gap she knew no one else would be able to fill. And so on that rainy day she stood next to the priest as he sent prayers to her parents, never in her life had she felt more alone. She wished her sister was here.

She simply couldn't understand why her sister shut her out. They should be grieving together, crying together. Embracing each other like any normal girl, princess or not. Elsa felt this way too, she may not understand why Elsa shut her out but she knew her better than anyone alive, she felt this way too, so what was the problem?

The heavens themselves seemed to be grieving for the dead royals, they grey clouds letting in little sunlight, the drizzling seemed to detour no one, it was not bothersome, and it was as if the earth itself were in a time of mourning.

On the outskirts of the cemetery stood a lone figure whose concentration was focused on his proceedings. His cloak protected him from the rain, the hood concealed his identity. If anyone saw him all he would be is a faceless stranger.

* * *

><p>(A few hours later in the castle.)

After the funeral Anna returned to the castle, the sun by now was setting and the light was fading, as she approached her destination somewhere in her mind she wondered if now was the best time to approach Elsa but after the turmoil that had entered into her life these past few days she overlooked the thought all together.

"Elsa, please I know you're in there, people are asking where you've been. They say "have courage" and I'm trying to, I'm right out here for you, just let me in. We only have each other it's just you and me, what are we going to do?" tears were starting to form on her face she couldn't stop. Unless Elsa cracked now they would both truly be lonely for a while.

"Do you want to build a snowman?" she tried. But there was no answer. The girl living on the other side of the door was not the sister she remembered growing up with. Heart broken and will shattered she broke down in tears.

* * *

><p>Elsa heard her sister and it took all her will not to tear open the door and embrace her like she had not done for years. But something stopped her, a promise she made to never harm her sister again. While spending years with her father trying to control her powers she learned they were fueled by her emotions. And with her emotions in absolute turmoil she didn't trust herself. She couldn't lose her sister, not even by accident. For the sake of her sister, she had to keep her powers reined in; even if it meant bottling up her emotions and never letting them out.<p>

She heard something at the window, like something was trying to get in. she stood up to inspect what was causing the ruckus, careful not to slip on her own ice. There was a parchment slipped into the crack between the window and the sill. She looked up from the paper on the roof to see if she could spot how it got there.

She only got a glimpse but she could tell the person on the rooftop across from her room was standing on top of the castle wall. He wore a brown cloak that concealed his body and a hood that hid his face. As soon as the figure saw her he leapt off the twenty foot wall and dove into the fjord. She saw the rippling where he had hit the water but she had never saw him surface, though she was sure he didn't drown.

Elsa looked at the paper still in the window. She opened it up and caught it before it could have a chance to fly away. When she opened the paper her eyes nearly bugged out of her skull, she recognized her father's handwriting anywhere.

_To my daughters, Elsa and Anna, _

If you are reading this then I am dead, you mother is now unconscious and I feel my life fading, should I die I want both of you to know that your mother and I love you very much. When the storm took a turn for the worst I could not get her to stop praying for you two to be strong, something I myself was afraid of.

It is true, you must be brave and must muster your courage. The kingdom will need you for you may not realize it but these are very dark times, the Vikings are raiding in the north and dragons harass anything they see, to the south there have been tales of magic and witchcraft. This pocket of the world doesn't get much attention and if you are both lucky it won't.

But I fear I could not find a way to prepare you for any of that, at least not till now. A boy found us in that storm, he flied on a dragon. You must trust me on this for we know nothing about great creatures and magic. If anyone can help you he can, I have never meet a more noble and caring heart outside our family. Please listen and learn as much from him as you can. I regret I don't know his name but the dragons name is Toothless. Your mother and I love you very much, more than you both could ever know.

Mom and Dad

Elsa had tears forming in her eyes, she ordered a maid to come to her room, as she was coming she turned over the paper to find a sketch of Arendelle castle on the back, and though it was quite detailed something else caught her attention, the page corner hinted it was took out of a book like a journal and at the bottom of the page was one of her few clues to finding out the person who rode the dragon. The artists initials _HHH III_

A/N: Yoo-hoo! I am terribly sorry for the rushed mess, but I have made revisions so there is no hard feelings between us, yeah?

**To R-dude: you don't know who I am so let me tell you, I am a teenager with nothing better to do, it was my to my understanding that if I wrote anything that if I made a problem you would tell me

so I can improve as a writer. Saying I am clueless doesn't help me in the least bit and while it does not come naturally to me please have patience as I practice my skills. If I mess up I go back and fix it and repost to make my stories and skills better.**

To Colonel Pepper, 444teme444, mhl0anthony, you have my most humble gratitudes, I thank you for taking the time to tell me with detail what I did wrong. It means more than you may realize

**Ok in all honesty for those who are wondering what the Hell is wrong with my brain here is the story: first it was the last day of spring break and I needed something to do and so on Monday night I was watching Frozen. I was listening to 'Let it go' and a connection was made in my brain, change a few lines and it had the potential to be Hiccups song if he left Berk for good. I had wanted to do a big four fic for some time now but all my ideas were half baked. So I slept on this idea and when I woke up on Tuesday morning I had the complete story worked up in my head. Now when I write I tend to go crazy after an hour and I wrote for six hours and had two cups of coffee that morning. It wasn't pretty. Now there will be about six acts, if there will be any romance it will be in later in the story and yes this is also a big four fic. **

3. Act 2 part 1

(A few days later in Brittany)

Toothless was growing more concerned for his riders sake as the last few days progressed, perhaps it was failing to save the royals that did a number on him, if it were the case he didn't blame him, for all the time and effort they put in they could have saved them. Perhaps this was how humans mourned, though he doubted it.

His most likely guess was something happened when he delivered the message to the royal's offspring, not exactly a task he himself would want to do. To tell a pair of siblings that their parents died in their arms because one too many mistakes were made.

If it was just a passing stage in the mourning process Toothless doubted it. After leaving Berk Hiccups sarcastic witty humor was becoming less apparent, it was only to be expected as surviving on you own had that effect on you physic. But he didn't expect physical alterations. Hiccups tone became gruffer, not when he was speaking to him but overall it was starting to show up. His once soft and compassionate eyes were now hard and much more serious, though they still held some compassion it was barely noticeable.

When Hiccup had returned from delivering the message, he decided it was about time to leave the area and Toothless couldn't agree more. He hoped the healing process would be better if he didn't have to be so close to the graves and the simple memorial Hiccup inscribed on a boulder on the beach. They were now headed for west where Hiccup claimed the highlanders lived.

There were several reasoning Hiccup chose to go there next, one the Vikings couldn't bother them even if they wanted to. While the Vikings plundered raided and raped Europe for the last three hundred years there were pockets that the warriors simply couldn't touch. The highlanders probably wouldn't guess Hiccup was of Vikings blood for

several years now. Besides, from Hiccups understanding while his people used brute strength and rage, the highlanders used more grace while still being effective enough to fend off Vikings.

The land rolling underneath them was a beautiful carpet of forests that were soon giving way to steep mountains and cliffs, unlike regular rolling forests this place seemed to be enveloped in something mystical and invisible, like magic.

****(Several weeks later)****

Time passed by quickly for the strange pair as they settled down for a while, at least until something had gone wrong. While Hiccup wanted to move here for a time to learn how to fight he would need the proper tools and resources. Hiccup had settled down in an abandoned cottage outside the castle of clan Dunbroch.

He had managed to get a job as the village's blacksmith apprentice. And though he had technically finished his apprenticeship Hiccup still had a lot of advanced techniques to learn like forging advanced swords and armor.

As Hiccups nearly empty pockets soon started filling with coin Hiccup started brainstorming ideas for arms and armor for himself as well as upgrades for Toothless's rig. Hiccup started off with his armor which was both simple and complex. He started off with a wool shirt that was just a size too large for him. He then bought a similar size shirt and started to sew the two together to make a two layered shirt.

Before he finished he put in an inch of raw wool inside the shirt in all areas to not only act as a simple layer of padding to soften blunt blows but to add as an extra layer of insulation for flying now that winter was approaching. Then Hiccup moved to the outer shell part, since he couldn't afford iron plates and the fact they were bulky Hiccup chose to go with leather instead. He cut the dark leather he purchased into scales about the size of his hand, then he boiled them in water.

The trick with making leather armor was getting the timing right when boiling the leather, while it needed to be hard if it stayed in for too long it would become brittle and break easily. While some attempts at making the scales were failures and had to be tossed out Hiccup was overall successful. He stitched the scales onto the chest and back portion then he started the more complex pieces like the vambraces, greaves and pauldrons. He tried to make them using several interlocking pieces of layers of leather so they could be easily replaced if damaged and met with varying degrees of success.

To finish it up he used the remaining leather to sew on a hood as well as a cape to conceal the armor if necessary. He also made a pair of insulated gauntlets with small nickel plates in the knuckles. When he was done by that point he found some scrap pieces of chainmail often no bigger than his palms and sew them in between the gaps of armor for extra protection. That and the buckles that kept it tight to his body it looked like a hodgepodge of spare armor thrown together but it was light and he still had a wide range of movement.

When he done making the armor he practiced with what he had, he

learned how to throw his hatchet and knife with accuracy, as well as tried to dual wield against posts but there was only so much he could learn being self-taught. He also wanted to be more help for Toothless in combat. So he started making throwing spears that he could throw at targets if Toothless needed to conserve his shots for less important targets.

He made the shafts out of thick four feet long pieces of hickory wood and spent days on making the warheads to his satisfaction, the heads were thick, long and serrated like a whale harpoon and by the end of the week he had three wicked looking throwing spears that were razor sharp and when he and Toothless tried them out dive bombing the spears would go clean through the hay bales he set up as his targets.

Now that they were settled down Hiccup and Toothless had time to practice riding together. They would spend hours during the night practicing advanced aerial maneuvers for as long as it took for them to execute them flawlessly and instinctively. And with a constant source of fresh fish coming in for him and no great big dangerous dragon to share with Toothless became a little larger and stronger as well as his endurance built up, he became sleek and his scales shone on close inspection.

Toothless wasn't the only who grew during this period, Hiccup hit a long awaited growth spurt, he grew up several inches but kept his sinewy muscles, but in those thin arms he was gaining strength and power from the constant smithing.

During all of this winter came and left, and as the summer approached there was an announcement across the land, the princess was to be betrothed, Hiccup knew nothing about her except she was his age and only saw her when she high tailed it out of the castle and into the neighboring forests. As the clans started gathering work started to get busier.

He never could have known what would've happened next.

****A/N: So yeah this is a filler chapter going in fast forward. I thought about doing things like adding dialog and such but I reasoned that for all intended purposes this would be satisfactory.****

4. Act 2 part 2

****(Summer in the Dunbroch kingdom)****

Summer here was a little muggy Hiccup had to admit but otherwise he couldn't complain much about living here for the past nine months. The three other clans had pulled into the shores and were marching their way to the throne room. Hiccup decided to follow if only to see how things would work out.

Once they had gotten inside the men moved into any available space, and with the music blaring and testosterone high the men shouted at the top of their lungs beating their weapons and beating their chests, then all the spears dropped at once signaling for silence. The king rose from his throne and walked forward to address the crowd

"So, err, here we are! Errâ€¦ the gathering, errâ€¦ off the four clans, errâ€¦" the king stammered through his speech and through the whole thing Hiccup didn't know whether to laugh or cry seeing as this man was the leader who held off the Viking invasion. Granted the hooligan clan didn't take part due to the increasing dragon raids but never the less this was sad on so many levels he thought as he shook his head. Luckily before the king could completely fail at his speech the queen stood up to help out her husband

"For presentation of the suitors!"

"Aye, for the presentation of the suitors!" Fergus quickly agreed

Macintosh "your majesty I present my heir and sire, and when the northern raiders invaded with his sword stab blooder he killed 1000 foes"

McGuffin "your majesty I present my eldest son, alone he scuttled the Viking long ship and with his bare hands vanquished 2000 foes

Dingwald "your majesty a present my only son, he held back the entire roman army, with one arm on the rudder and with the other he raised his mighty sword"

"Lies!" someone in the crowd shouted and Hiccup hid a grin

"OI! Who said that? Say it to my face. Or are you scared scattering jackanapes afraid to mess your pretty hair?" he asked

"At least we have hair" "and all our teeth" McGuffin added while his son tried to give his input but Hiccup for the life of him could not understand what the giant was trying to say.

"And we don't hide under bridges, you grumpy old troll!"

The crowd laughed and chuckled in agreement, Hiccup was starting to wonder what he was doing here, he turned around and went back the way he came from, he had better things to do than to listen to political figures fight and squabble.

While Hiccup had finished his armor and he and Toothless had gotten used to fighting with him using throwing spears they had not accomplished much else recently and it was starting to bother Hiccup he had found no one to teach him how to properly fight. It didn't help that after nearly two decades of peace the only ones who knew how to fight were spiteful old veterans with almost no patience and the guards in the castle barely knew how to fight themselves.

Hiccup had resolved it was high time that they moved on to somewhere else, the only reason he agreed to stay this long was for the town Smith Erak to break in a new apprentice to fill in Hiccups shoes.

There were now sounds of a massive brawl in the royal hall behind him, he heard the king bellow to them to shut up but seconds later the brawl started up again and Hiccup couldn't help but shake his head as he walked down the hall.

While he was not new to brawls as they happened weekly in Berks great hall at least when his father yelled at them to knock it off at least the Vikings of Berk had the respect to stop. These Highlanders either lacked the discipline to listen to their leaders or lacked respect. It was defiantly in his best interest to leave.

The rest of the day passed by quickly for Hiccup, after he left the castle he returned to the forage to get as much work as he could get done. It mostly involved repairs of things like woman's jewelry and sharpening dull weapons. While the work was for the most part was easy considering his skills but there was simply so much it kept him in the forage working well into the night.

Over the course of the day from what he overheard from the outside gossiping woman that the princess had staged an archery tournament to decide her suitor but later in the day from what he gathered something had gone wrong.

Hiccup had finished his work and was invited to the hall to eat. It was a loud affair with much feasting with Fergus at the front of the room entertaining the crowd with his favorite story about him and the demon bear Mordu and how he took the kings leg and how he swore his revenge. The only ones who weren't impressed were the lords who were no doubt waiting for one of their sons to be chosen to be betrothed to the princess.

The thought of politics made his stomach churn and Hiccup now full of food and ale decided it was now time for him to leave for his next adventure now that the night sky had risen. Toothless waited outside the castle for him with all of their gear packed.

Hiccup found Toothless and together the two took flight and made their way into the night sky. But on the way out he noticed a flash of red.

"Did you see that?" he asked Toothless

[Yes, should we go in for a closer look?]

"Might as well"

Together the two flew closer to the ground where the flash of red was and they saw it was princess Merida's hair. She was standing in a clearing sounded by great slabs of granite put together in a circle formation.

But this wasn't what caught the young rider's attention so much as the black bear standing on its hind legs doing nothing but standing there as if nothing of great interest was happening.

Now to invest in the scene to simply fly away Hiccup and Toothless landed.

Hiccup peeked from behind the granite slab to get a better view of the scene before him

"Hello? Will 'o the wisps! I'm here!" the princess called out to the forest while walking between the stone opposite of his as if looking for something.

Or someone.

"Oh sure, don't show yerselves nae that me mum is 'ere" the fiery redhead muttered to herself.

"What?" Hiccup asked out loud

The redhead turned around in a flash with her bow in hand and an arrow knocked. Her eyes were that of a hunters, fierce and without mercy.

Hiccup held up his hands in a non-threatening gesture. "Care to explain the bear?" he asked as he felt Toothless stand by his side, which caused the girl to panic as she drew the bow to full draw and aimed at Toothless.

**[This place seems strange, like everything here, even the air is emanating an ancient magic. I cannot fully explain.] **Toothless said deliberately ignoring the startled girl who was oblivious of their conversation.

"This is Toothless, yes he is a dragon and also my friend. So do you mind lowering your bow and explain why the bear is standing on its hind legs not attacking?" he asked kindly as he could muster.

The bear let out a stream of growls and grunts for a full ten seconds with a look on its face like it was trying to tell Hiccup the answer to his question

"I'm sorry, I don't speak bear" Hiccup told the bear, not feeling a bit awkward after talking with Toothless for over a year.

**[She says her dim witted offspring had cursed her and they are trying to find a way to reverse the spell] **Toothless translated for Hiccup

"You can understand her?" Hiccup asked out loud to Toothless.

[Of course, now it seems they cannot find the witches cottage, if I were to guess it would be down that trail] Toothless gestured to a path to their right **[I am not a great magic user but there is something shrouded in the arcane over there] **Hiccup relayed the message to the redhead and the four set out to find the witch. Hiccup did not much about magic and he doubted local folk lore did magic in general any justice, curiosity taking root Hiccup and Toothless followed.

After five minutes of walking they came across a small old home that appeared to rise from the ground itself. Merida opened the door to find it was startlingly empty.

"No, she was here." Elinore rolled her eyes but Merida tried again, after walking away three steps and snapping her fingers that is. Several times she tried opening and closing the door multiple times as if the next the witch would be there. Merida took a step forward and activated an unseen tripwire. The tripwire started a contraption that Hiccup himself was impressed with as a vial was dropped into the cauldron in the center of the room and the cauldron burst into life as a magical head popped out greeting them.

"Welcome to the Crafty Carver, home of bear carvings and novelties. I am completely out of stock at this time, but if you'd like to inquire about a portrait or wedding cake toppers, pour via; one into the cauldron. If you'd like a bedouin garlic, vial two. If you're that red-haired lass, vial three."

Merida seized the third vial sitting on the nearby table and poured all of its contents into the cauldron to reveal the message

****Princess, I'm off to the Wickerman's festival in Stoneleigh. I won't be back till spring. There's one bit I forgot to tell you about the spell. By the second sunrise, your spell will be permanent, unless you remember these words; 'Fate be changed, look inside. Mend the bond torn by pride."

A riddle? Hiccup thought, he had been ok at solving riddles but he needed clues in order to piece the puzzle together. Something only Merida and her mother could do.

"Fate be changed? Mend the bond? What does that mean?"

"One more time. Fate be changed, look inside. Mend the bond torn by pride. That's it! Ta-ta! Oh, and thank you for shopping at the Crafty Carver!"

"No! No! Where did you go?" Merida cried frantically, she tried pouring all five vials into the cauldron, something even Hiccup knew was a bad idea from the start. The reaction was not pretty, soon messages popped up again and again faster each time. Sensing danger Toothless pulled the group in and shield them protectively with his wings as the explosion erupted leveling the cottage.

When the smoke cleared it began to rain outside, the group decided to hunker down until dawn so Hiccup helped Merida use the cottage debris to make a shelter for Merida and her mother. Worried sick and disappointed in her daughter Elinore went to sleep soon leaving Merida nearly drowning in her own guilt, something that happened to be noticed by Hiccup before he turned in.

He put a hand on her shoulder, in the past months Merida always saw him as the pessimistic blacksmiths apprentice. He was always so hard and serious, even for an adult's standard. But one look in those emerald eyes of his told her everything she needed to know. He knew things would somehow turn out alright, and if he had hope then there was no reason she shouldn't.

When the moment passed Hiccup approached Toothless and the two cuddled up to each other while the black dragon used one of his wings to block out the rain. Even though the night rain was cold, she could still feel his warm hand on her shoulder reassuring her. She slept.

* * *

><p>When morning came around Hiccup did not expect to see breakfast waiting for him; if it could be called breakfast that is. Elinore had woken up earlier than him and set up a table and used debris and branches to serve as plated and silverware for the main meal which was a dark blue shade of berry. He was not too familiar with the

local plants so he was hesitant. Merida soon joined them a few moments later.<p>

****"Uh...good morning. So, what's all this supposed to be?" Merida asked her mother, surprised too that Elinor had prepared this much. Her mother then spoke for a good ten seconds like she expected her to understand

****"Sorry, I don't speak bear." Merida said

[She wants the weapon off the table]Toothless explained and Hiccup relied the message.

"Oh!" she said and she took her bow off the table. She looked up to see that her mother had begun to eat.

****"Find those by the creek, did you? They're Nightshade berries. They're poisonous." Merida said to her poor clueless mother as she began to gag on the berries. She started drinking the water she had gathered.

****"Where did you get this water? It has worms!" Elinor preformed a perfect spit take before giving up defeated. Merida found the whole thing amusing as she gathered up her weapons.

****"Come on." She said.

Merida brought them to a river where she fished with her bow, she managed to catch a salmon within minutes

>"Breakfast!" Merida said to her mother holding up her prize, her mother applauded her.

****"Oh, wait! A princess should not have weapons, in your opinion." Growing up with Vikings Hiccup found it odd that some people were excluded from fighting, mostly women but it baffled him never the less.

****"There you go. Go on." She offered Elinor the fish but she quickly lost her nerve, Toothless rolled his eyes

****"How do you know you don't like it if you won't try it?" Merida asked her mother. She ended up cooking that fish, her mother devoured that fish fast before she requested two more, two more were caught and cooked before Merida started teaching her mother how to fish for her own food while Hiccup sat on the shoreline sketching the beautiful riverside in his sketchbook while Toothless himself fished but he soon got bored and all four of them were soon splashing around in the water.

Hiccup heard Merida calling her mother "Mom, come back!"

When the Hiccup caught up with Merida and Elinor Toothless growled anticipating danger coming from within Elinors body

****"Mom, is that you?" Merida asked sheepishly

****"Mom? You changed! Like you were a...I mean, like you were a bear on the inside." She realized now growing more and more afraid for her mother safety. Soon wisps appeared all around them scaring the wits

out of Hiccup and some of the more playful ones sent Elinor into a tree for her hastiness. Merida explained that they should follow them, and so they did.

****Mom, look! Why did the wisps bring us here?" Merida asked as the four reached a gloomy ancient castle.

****Whoever they were, they've been gone for a long long tim..." Merida started to say but never finished as she fell down into a chamber below them

****I'm fine, mom! Fine!" Merida exclaimed from down there.

****It's a...throne room. Do you suppose this could have been the kingdom in that story you were telling me? The one with the princes?" Merida asked her mother. Hiccup was not an expert on Highlander folklore but this whole place had put Toothless on edge and that was reason enough for himself to be wary as well.

****One, two, three, four. The oldest. Like...like the tapestry. The spell! It's happened before!" tapestry? It proved Hiccups theory that he did not know enough to solve the riddle of the curse but if they figured it out they had twelve hours to hightail it back to the kingdom and do something about said tapestry.

****The strength of ten men. Fate be changed. Changed with fate. Oh, no! The prince became..." Merida said but a new presence had entered down their that pissed off Elinor.

****Mor'du!" Merida finished as Mor'du tried to attack her but her mother had managed to get her to safety as the four retreated back to the castle Merida made decisions on the fly. "Hiccup fly ahead of us and try to get everyone's attention away from us, could you do that?" she asked and Hiccup nodded and he and Toothless flew off into the night sky.

"Mom, we need to get back to the castle. If we don't hurry, you'll become like Mor'du! A bear! A real bear! Forever! Mend the bond torn by pride. The witch gave us the answer. The tapestry!"

By time Hiccup had returned to the castle it was a total warzone, for a while he debated laying siege to the castle with Toothless but he quickly decided too much could go wrong to fast. He tried to calm one person down at a time but nothing worked, until Merida walked right between the rival clans like they were not there and made an announcement.

She tried to say what she wanted to but she was quickly interrupted by the clan lords who tried to pry the information they wanted from her, until she shouted

"SHUT IT!"

She tried again** ***Yours was an alliance forged in bravery and friendship and it lives to this day. I've been selfish. I tore a great rift in our kingdom. There's no one to blame but me. And I know now that I need to amend my mistake and mend our bond. And so, there is the matter of my betrothal. I decided to do what's right, and...and...and break mother, the queen, feels...uh, in her heart,

that I...that we be free to...write our own story. Follow our hearts, and find love in our time." By time she was done with her speech all the lords were crying and even Fergus had to wipe a tear from his eye.

****Beautiful." Stated Lord Dingwall
>"The queen and I put the decision to you my lords. Might our young people decide for themselves who they will love?" Merida said
>this threw them for a loop "Huh?" Lord Dingwall asked

"Well, since you've obviously made up your minds about this, I have one thing to say. This is..." Lord Macintosh started but was interrupted

"A grand idea! Give us our own say in choosing our fates? "The young Macintosh stated boldly
>"What?" Lord Macintosh asked dumbfounded

>"Aye! Why shouldn't we choose?" the young Dingwall asked
>"But she's the princess!" his father tried to point out to his son.
>"I didn't pick her out. It was your idea." He pointed out.

****And you, do you feel the same way?" Lord MacGuffin asked his son who spoke gibberish to Hiccups ears in response.

****Well, that's it. Let these lads try win her heart before they win her hand, if they can!" Lord MacGuffin exclaimed and the room filled with cheers.
>"I say the wee Dingwall has a fighting chance!" Lord Dingwall boasted proudly
>"Fine then! Seems for once we agree! It was my idea in the first place." Lord Macintosh tried to throw in taking the glory but no one was fooled.<p>

**Fergus: **Just like your mom, you devil.

**Merida: **Everyone! To the cellar! Let's crack open the king's private reserves to celebrate!

Then Merida did something he tried to do for the past hour but failed, clear the hall.

"Woh! Woh! Woh!" Fergus exclaimed.

****Bring them tiny glasses." He whispered to his servant as the hall cleared, unfortunately the massive crowd carried Hiccup along with them.

****The tapestry!" Merida remembered when she had a private moment with her proud mother before bounding up the stairs.

****Mend the bonds. Mend the bonds! Stitched up! This will change you back, we just needle and thread. Merida said as she began rummaging through the drawers oblivious that her mother's predatory nature had once again taken over as she began to make a

ruckus.

****Mom! Mom, not now! No! Please, not now! Mom!" Merida tried to stop her mother but she wouldn't listen.

Fergus entered the room and all hell broke loose.

* * *

><p>After escaping the hall Hiccup jogged down the hallway as quietly as his boots would allow him. He was now thankful he had designed his armor as light as he did. He picked up a torch and kept jogging through the dark interior of the stone castle. Passing doors to various rooms, he was debating if they had made their way out of the castle.<p>

Then he heard Merida's voice call from one of the rooms "Hiccup!" she called to him franticly from behind a huge wooden door where her head poked out of a little window, her eyes frantic.

"What happened?" he asked trying to figure out the situation

"Father thinks mother killed her! He's chasing her in the forests nae! Please ye got to save 'er!" she begged from behind the door with tears now flowing freely down her cheeks

"What about the tapestry? Should I get the keys?" he asked wondering if it would be faster to try hacking the lock off the door with his hatchet.

"The boys are after the keys and will be here soon, I know you don't owe me anything and this is all my fault but please slow them down and I'll take care of the rest." She insisted.

Hiccup nodded in agreement and ran out the castle as fast as his legs could carry him as his cape billowed after him like a storm and he put his fingers into his mouth and let out a sharp whistle to signal Toothless who was waiting patiently outside. He hopped onto the saddle but didn't bother to fasten his harness, he popped his left foot into the stirrup that controlled Toothless's artificial tailfin and the two shot off into the night. This was the second time Hiccup and Toothless had gone out of their way to save a pair of royals and neither was willing to come back empty handed, not this time.

* * *

><p>King Fergus was pushing his steed to as fast as he could run. It was not easy for the king because while as a young man he used to ride horses all of the time when he wasn't drinking or fighting, but after losing his foot it was more difficult for him to maintain his balance and so he avoided riding for the better part of a decade. But now he couldn't even focus on his discomfort even as the horse tried its best to navigate the terrain without hurting itself even though he was still being hit by branches left and right but he didn't feel a thing.<p>

Just anger

A bear had somehow made its way into the castle, his castle no less and had killed his wife elinore. He knew when the beast was dead that

grief would hit him and hard. He had considered himself blessed to be married to the most beautiful woman in the world had been taken away. All of the events happening lately, the gathering and the suitors for his daughter, the madness of holding three clans at bay for thirty hours without letup, his daughter by her lonesome defusing the whole situation not with her bow but with her words were all thrown to the back of his thoughts.

Tears blurred his vision, but were quickly carried away by the wind.

If he were to listen closely over the storm he would have heard a man in the back of the group scream.

He approached a clearing surrounded by huge slabs of granite near the opposite of the clearing the hounds had stopped the bear in its tracks, the younger men were quicker at dismounting than him and using their spears they managed to corner the great she bear. Ropes were tossed around her and with several men pulling the ropes her legs gave away and she fell to the earth completely at his mercy he slowly approached her with his sword in hand towering over the black bear. He raised his sword and

He heard a noise,

It was a whistling noise, like an arrow in flight. But this sounded to be bigger, and faster. There was an explosion not several feet away from him and blue fire erupted everywhere singing everyone who was near. The shooter of the great fireball flew overhead and from the fires light he made out the shape of a dragon with great bat like wings. During the distraction the bear got free and tried to make a run for the forest. He grabbed his sword in a reverse grip and charged after the bear about to stab it a second time when the thunder of hooves met his ear following the clashing of iron swords.

He stood there dumbfounded as his daughter stood between him and the bear, blades locked with an insane look in her eyes.

"Merida?" he started asking but he never got to finish. His daughter swung her sword with mighty blows that knocked his out of his hand and without letup she cut his peg leg in half. He stumble and fell to the wet ground in time to hear his old comrades in arms charge his daughter. He tried to tell them to stop but it was too late, like a mad woman she leapt over his fallen form and engaged the three lords at once and with ease and grace disarmed the lords in a complex fury of blows that were so fast it looked like she were invincible, covered by a web of iron that was her own sword.

Before he could say anything three bear cubs tackled him to the ground again as he attempted to rise. He tried to get the things of them but they refused to budge until Merida spoke up.

"Boys" she said in a voice he was used to hearing elinore, but much more to his dismay like his boys they three scattered off him and to her side. It finally clicked in his mind. Boys?!

There was a meaty stomp nearby caught their attention, the group turned their attention to the dark night forest, at its edge in all his morbid glory stood his old foe; the demon bear Mordru.

"Kill it!" Fergus ordered his men and they hastily obeyed his order and charged the legendary bear with their spears poised for attack. But the group of armed men were but a minor annoyance to the demon as he swept them all aside with one swipe with his mighty claws

"Come on you!" Fergus bellowed at the beast "I'll take you with my bare hands!"

Mordu made quick work out of the king by grabbing him by his stump and tossed him into one of the nearby slabs of stone. Dazed he tried to make out the happenings. Merida took an opportunity to lose two arrows in rapid succession that hit Mordus collar with an intimidating

Flick-hiss

Mordu started attacking Merida and within moments he had her pinned to the ground and roared into her face. With half the warrior's incapacitated and her daughter in peril gave Elinore the strength needed to break free from her bonds and began to engage Mordu. They ripped and clawed at each other trying to rip the other to shreds.

With her mother in bloody battle with Mordu Merida took the opportunity for summoning their last hope should her mother fail, and its obvious she would. She put her fingers in her mouth and let lose a piercing whistle that echoed into the night sky.

For as hard as Elinore fought she was quickly losing ground. Within moments Mordu had pinned her to the ground and was about to rip her apart when the whistling from earlier had returned. Fearing fiery fate Fergus bellowed at the top of his voice "Get down!"

All the men and Merida hit the deck in time for a ball of blue flame to shoot from the sky and connected with Mordu's back in a fiery explosion. There was a hissing in the air followed by the sound of flesh being pierced. Elinore looked at the stunned demon in front of her to find a new spear had impaled his back and the wicked spear head poked out of Mordu's chest.

From the light the explosion gave off the groups saw the shape of the black dragon circle around the area at a low altitude and eventually touch down opposite of Mordu who forgot Elinore altogether and sized up his new foes.

Hiccup fully armed and hood up slid out of the saddle and drew forth one of his throwing spears and with a double grip for maximum power and control the two approached Mordu as he in turn approached them. When they were a stone's throw away from each other all hell broke loose as Toothless and Mordu charged at each other and collided with one another as they started to rip and tear at one another while Hiccup assisted his friend by stabbing at Mordus face whenever the opportunity presented itself.

The fight did not last long however as Mordu started throwing wide swipes at Toothless trying to get some space between them Hiccup was grazed in the chest by Mordus claws. The padded leather armor had saved him but it did not stop the claws from leaving bloody scratches on his chest; the power in that swipe was enough to send Hiccup

flying into one of the granite slabs where he struggled to remain conscious.

In the presence of his rider Toothless was under normal circumstances a docile dragon for the most part but to see his bonded partner to be wounded by a lesser creature than himself made him so livid the great night fury saw only red.

Using his great bat like wings Toothless pushed himself airborne for a second to put distance between himself and Mordu for a second before he let lose a blue bolt at near point blank range into Mordu's chest. Stunned again Toothless used this opportunity to rush the demon bear and clamped his big triangular head on Mordu's. The bear recognized the situation and tried to escape the night fury's wrath but it was too late. With a violent twisting jerk of his head Toothless broke Mordu's neck with a loud snap.

Everyone watched in awe as the narrow eyed dragon looked around for any more threats as Mordu's blood ran out of his mouth freely. Toothless dropped the carcass and bounded over to where Hiccup laid on the grass. While Toothless was visually inspecting that his rider would live a blue mist began to set in, and from the fallen form of Mordu rose the eldest prince in his ethereal form. He pointed his finger in an accusing tone toward Hiccup.

"Damn you Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third! How dare you interfere with my fate? Heed my warning for it shall be the only one you'll get; you can cheat fate once but to defy fate like you do is destroying the fates of others. There will be a reckoning and I will return, this I swear!" and the dead prince disappeared with the receding mist.

Hiccup felt fear crawl up his spine but he quickly ignored it resolving to deal with Mordu whenever he showed his face and not worry about it until then. He ran a mental checklist through his head feeling like he was forgetting something. Until he saw the grey in the east sky.

"Merida, the tapestry! It's almost dawn!" he shouted to her.

Realization hit Merida hard and she sprinted where Angus was outside the granite circle, she pulled off the tapestry and dragged it over to where her mother laid down exhausted and fighting for control of her mind. Merida tossed the tapestry over her like a blanket just seconds before the sun peeked its head over the horizon.

Then her eyes became dark

"I don't get it, I fixed the tapestry." Merida stated before she buried her head into the bears fur where she began to cry her eyes out while sobbing apologies to her mother whether she could hear her or not. The lords stared at their feet shocked that the queen passed before their eyes while Fergus wished with all of his soul that this was one crazy dream. Hiccup limped over to the group with ever loyal Toothless by his side.

Just as Hiccup was wondering what had gone wrong he saw the sun's rays eat up the shadows on the ground and he watched with much anticipation and fascination as the sun's rays hit Elinore form. The

change was short and quick. Realizing she was no longer crying into fur Merida looked up to see her mother's human face. She quickly smoothed her daughter with motherly kisses then the two embrace until Fergus stormed in like an injured ox

"Elinore!" he exclaimed and embraced his wife like mad. Hiccup turned away to give the family their bonding moment as three naked toddlers ran between his legs to join their family. Finally he thought, things were starting to turn out for the better.

* * *

><p>(Meanwhile in Arendelle)

It had been close to a year now since her parents have passed and much had happened. She had two more years before she officially inherited the throne, but that did not mean she would wait on her rear for two more years doing nothing. She sometimes spent eighteen hour days reading the history of Arendelle. She studied military strategy in case she would have to act as a general. As well as became a master economist and had contacts in many nearby kingdoms to discover possible allies and foes.

What little free time she allowed herself was spent trying to find the messenger who delivered her father's final message. Whoever he or she was had either been there in her parent's final moments. Which did not make sense to her, as the ship was completely sunk with no survivors; except for this fellow it seemed. She had so many questions to ask and only one person had answers. The only thing she had to go off of was the sketch drawn in the back.

HHH III

She had gathered some of her most reliable contacts to find every artist in the kingdom to find the artist with the same initials, if he or she was found they either sold the picture to the messenger or was the messenger him or herself. She vowed she would find out the truth.

A/N: well here I am! I know this is crap and I have been dreading this chapter but now it is done so I can move on to better parts of the story that I have formulated. Mass updated for the next week are expected. I make half this up as I go along. Read and review!

5. Act 2 part 3

After the defeat of Mor'du things happened quickly for Hiccup, he was taken back to the castle where Merida and the Elinor took him to the royal's personal healer. There were three claw marks on his chest from the fight with Mor'du and each cut required a number of stitches and more than likely they would scar.

He tried not to let the thought take him down as he remembered his life as a Viking where scars were badges of honor almost. It took three days after the fight for Hiccup to be able to leave the castle on his own without falling to the ground from the sheer pain of the wound, much of that time was spent with Merida and sometimes the queen. He explained he came to the kingdom to learn how to fight. Merida was enthusiastic to say the least. Five days after the battle

Hiccup returned to the local forage to repair his armor as well as replace his throwing spears.

A week after the defeat of Mor'du Merida entered his room one bright and early morning and drug him out of bed much to the enjoyment of a certain restless night fury. Merida half dragged Hiccup to the open field near the castle where a bow and a quiver full of arrows were waiting for him.

"What's all this for?" He asked Merida.

"What do you think it's for? I'm going to teach you how to fight, and what better weapon to start out with than a bow?" Merida replied.

Hiccup gave her a dubious look and eyed the bow suspoiuciosly. "Don't tell me you've never used a bow before." She said.

"When you grow up on an island where some of the biggest game are rabbits and the like, there is not much need for them." Hiccup replied.

Hiccup picked up the bow then finally asked "Well. Are you going to show me how to use this or not?" he asked and Merida responded with a cat like grin.

She showed him how to knock the arrow onto the bowstring and that he was supposed to draw the bowstring back all the way the his cheek for maximum power and control, then how look down the shaft of the arrow and from there use his instincts to aim the arrow properly to hit the wooden Target Merida had nailed to a tree.

Hiccup did as she asked, the gloves protected his fingers from being cut by the bowstring and his leather vambraces would protect his arm from the slap of the string when he let the arrow fly. He aimed carefully positive he would at least hit his target somewhere on the board. But when he let the arrow fly his arm went down slightly changing the arrows original path. The two watched as the arrow flew towards the tree and as it impaled a passing chicken to the tree itself.

Merida wasn't laughing, she was just coughing, a lot. After thirty seconds of 'coughing' she couldn't take it anymore and started laughing so hard she hit the ground and started rolling around while clutching her hurting organs. The fact Hiccups face was as red as her hair made it all the more funny.

"Alright, it wasn't that funny" Hiccup said, face flush.

"Oh. But it was, I've never seen such a good shot before, and first time to" she said as another round of giggles took her over.

After that incident Hiccup went back to shooting at his target for the rest of the day and a number of arrows managed to hit the target. After supper Hiccup returned to the forage to learn how to make his own arrows.

From there the days began to blur together for Hiccup as he spent the rest of summer and part of fall learning how to use the longbow. By the end of the month of nonstop training he could manage to hit a

human sized target from over one hundred paces away 7/10 times, through 3 times wouldn't have killed a man.

Hiccup also had a new idea, instead of using regular diamond shaped arrow heads he designed a war arrow with shafts made of the best quality wood and the heads were a smaller version of his throwing spears, one side was razor sharp while the other side had three barbs to latch onto flesh.

When the days started to get shorter Hiccup upped his training one step further. Having Toothless circle the field out of bow range for a soldier (or bola range for a Viking as well) Hiccup trained to hit moving targets. This part of training was much harder and it took Hiccup longer to learn. But he managed to get the hang of it was well. Now being able to kill enemies from dragon back now without having to dive bomb opened up a whole new world of possibilities for dragon and rider.

It was none too soon to as when they had finished learning how to do that Merida insisted they now spend the winter with them. Hiccup didn't want to impose but Fergus wouldn't take no for an answer. When the snow began to fall Merida took Hiccup over to the feast hall one day and presented him with a dummy sword. It was large, clumsy and almost unwieldy. Until Merida unleashed a full on assault with her own dummy sword. Hiccup but up a valiant fight but for all of his efforts he did not manage to get close to connecting once.

Determined to put Hiccup in his place Merida's attack intensified to the point where Hiccup was fully on defense barely managing to block her blows with his sword when they came in. when he realized there was no way he could win Hiccup dropped his sword and made a tactical retreat at a dead sprint away from Merida who was in hot pursuit.

Fergus and Elinor were making plans to promote more trade with neighboring kingdoms when they saw Hiccup run pass their room like a bat out of hell with Merida closing in, about ten seconds later there was a yelp followed by a curse as they watched Merida run pass their room in the direction she came from and watched as a night fury chased her down the castle like a giant game of cat and mouse.

They decided that Merida had too much energy for the time being and had her return to her lessons while Fergus agreed to teach Hiccup basic drills. He brought out a battered old post and set it up, showing some of the basic moves. Fergus would call out commands like hack, slash, cleave, and such while Hiccup used his endurance he built up as a black smith to keep up with the kings commands.

With drills in the morning and sparring with Merida in the evening Hiccup managed not only to build up his endurance even further but also his dexterity and focus as well. For a month when he and Merida sparred he would focus solely on his defense, keeping his sword close to his body and deflecting Merida's assault with ease, but for three weeks she kept winning match after match. By week four for all her efforts however she couldn't touch him. When he entered the second month of his training however there was a drastic change, when during her assault she let up for a second he started to batter at her defenses. His attacks were much more aggressive than hers but what could you expect from the son of a Viking and a blacksmiths

apprentice? His blows were much more powerful than hers and when she looked into those emerald eyes of his there was like there was a green fire that made her knees weak.

After two weeks like this Hiccup started taking on multiple opponents at once, all of them armed with swords, shields, spears and such while he was only armed with his dummy sword. Like the night fury he rode and called his friend he was fast and deadly. He would weave between warriors like he was not fighting but was a part of a graceful dance. The dance of death. No one could touch him it was unexplained able. Crowds started to gather for the sparring matches and bets were often made. Especially so when Merida or Fergus went into the ring to try to take down Hiccup. They never could.

Hiccup soon became a popular figure among the highlanders and for his and Toothless's exploits against the legendary Mor'du made their reputation sky rocket. When the days were once again starting to get longer Fergus and Elinor gathered the town together and publicly announced that Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third was to be declared a friend of the realm. He was presented with a leather pauldron with the Dunbroch clans seal on it as well as a simple sword. The unnamed weapon had a three foot long blade and was as thick as his two thumbs put together. It a weapon that could deflect blows but suited him personally for its lightness which made him all the more faster in combat. Hiccup humbly accepted the gifts. A just when it seemed like life could not get any better the witch retuned.

6. Act 3 part 1

(Early spring in the highlands)

Hiccup was in the middle of an intense sparing session with Fergus when he heard a racket coming from the hallway outside. Ever since last summer Fergus began to fully realize the true state of his staff and he was mortified to say the least. After month of being kept on their toes from Fergus's constant orders to stay sharp and alert it was much more difficult for anyone to reach the king without a proper notice. But such things did not stop the witch.

Hiccup had never seen the witch use her magic in person, in fact before becoming friends with Merida he assumed she was just an old hag who came by the smith every week to have some tools sharpened. After learning she was a witch he couldn't help but wonder why she didn't use magic to sharpen he tools. But Merida pointed for a witch she seemed reluctant to do the craft at first; which piqued his curiosity to say the least.

She was arguing with the guard on the other side of the door for a good thirty seconds when the guard suddenly went silent. One of the massive doors opened to reveal the witch with her crow on her shoulder as she showed herself inside. She scanned the room as if looking for something when her eyes fell upon Hiccup.

"Ah! There you are dearie, I was looking all over for ya. Come on laddie we have business to attend to."

Hiccup held up his hands to signal her to stop the train of thought "Whoa now hold on here, what business are you talking about?" he asked.

She beckoned him over and he reluctantly came "This business dearie" she held up her palm for his inspection. She had a small amount of fine grey powder in her hand. Before he could consider asking what it was she promptly blew it into his face. Hiccup tried to cough it out but it was too late, he blacked out.

/

(Later in Stoneleigh)

Hiccup woke up with a pounding headache. He threw the blanket off of him and sat up in his cot, the headache went away when he felt his stomach; it was like it had decided to twist into such a tight knot it was physically painful. When the pain subsided to a dull ache he could manage he looked around to find out he was no longer in the stone castle but some sort of small one room hut. Toothless was curled up in a corner but woke up soon.

**[Hiccup, are you alright?] **Toothless asked

"Yeah it think so, what happened?" he asked

**[The witch used a spell to make you sleep. Merida would've tore her apart if she could've gotten passed her magical shield but she couldn't. The witch explain you were needed to stop a great evil and so they relented, though truthfully I think she might have used magic on them to] **Toothless explained.

"So where is the witch now?"

[She gave you the spell to wake up and informed me she would be back soon]

Before Hiccup could ask another question the witch entered the hut with a slab of meat as big as his fist as well as a whole chicken a half a loaf of bread, a head of lettuce and a mug of ale. Hiccup greedily tore apart the beef and within seconds he was swallowing bread by the mouthful barely taking time to chew while washing it all down with a swig of ale.

"Sorry about the whole sleeping spell dearie, it made life a lot easier if we could talk alone"

Stomach now content Hiccup decided to indulge her "What do you want?"

She bit her lip in nervousness "perhaps it would be better to see what you already know before skipping right to the end, what do you know about magic, spirits and other such subjects?"

Hiccup thought about it for a second "Does dragons and trolls count?" he asked

"No" was her reply

"Then about the same as any man" he guessed

The witch closed her eyes and started massaging her temples as if she were trying to ward off a headache. "Let's start with the basics

then, magic is the manipulation of matter using your mind, for those born with it, it is generally controlled by their emotions, but for those who are cursed or discover magic they must concentrate. Also it can be noted that your power goes with you to the afterlife when you become a spirit, from there it is possible to return to earth as a spirit or sometimes as a lesser god in the eyes of mortals. Any questions so far?" she asked hoping she hasn't lost him this early in the game but thankfully he shook his head no as he continued to scratch Toothless while the night fury purred lightly.

"Unfortunately pure emotion can and has made gods from nothing, so there is a spirit within the sun and moons with the power of gods as well as spirits of hate, anger, lust, and fear as well as happiness, hope and love. With the plague destroying the land the spirit of fear has grown to be very powerful; too powerful in fact and we need you to stop him."

"Why haven't I heard of the plague if it is such a huge deal?" Hiccup asked

The witch gave him a look that questioned whether he was being serious or not, then it dawned upon her.

"That's right, when I was looking through your memories you are a part of one of those few Viking villages left." She told him.

Deciding to address the issue of memory searching without permission later he asked with much curiosity "What do you mean last Viking villages left?" he asked

She shook her head "No other civilization could survive with dragons as long as you have. You elders probably didn't tell you but your ancestors fled to the north most parts of the world to keep their culture intact with Christianity wiping out barbaric tribes. For the last three hundred years Berk, Brass Monkey and Freeze to Death have been among the few remaining Viking villages left on the planet, while the dragons tried to kill the Vikings the rest of the world finished off those who never fled. The Vikings are a dying race."

Somewhere deep deep down it struck his heart like a hammer, but he quickly remained himself that he was no longer a Viking nor would he ever want to be again. Regaining his focus on the task at hand he asked

"Why us?" he asked finally

The witch sighed "most witches are molevlonat ones, but I was more easy going than most so I tried to give up the trade, but when this incident came up they called upon the thirteen most powerful witches in the land to come forth and form a temporary coven to solve this problem, why us you may ask? Because wizards are too antisocial and warlocks would never win against such a powerful enemy. As it stands us witches are no more useful. Gathering an army of witches is like herding cats, it cannot be done. So the thirteen of us have decided to elect a champion to defeat this spirit of fear. Witches are not bred to fight so we needed a fighter, someone who could find this spirits weak point an exploit it, someone like you."

"Me?" Hiccup asked wondering if they were drunk at the time or if their own spells had affected their judgment.

"It was the obvious choice of all the choices we had; we debated raising an old god or demon but they tend to make huge messes. Besides of all the mortals you rode a night fury of all creatures!"

"How did you know I rode Toothless before?" Hiccup asked. She flipped him a black scale to him like a coin. One of Toothless's scales. "I heard you two flying overhead some nights practicing your flying; always improving. For someone with no kind of apprenticeship in magic you are very adept in familiar magic." The witch pointed out.

"What?" was all Hiccup could say

The witch rolled her eyes. "Magic is the human mind changing the world because it wants it to happen, it will it to be so. But however using magic takes energy, usually the amount needed to complete the task with your hands and back. So tell me, how does one become powerful?" the witch asked and Hiccup only shook his head, not knowing the answer.

"There are three ways, to drink blood increases your power; many such users include most witches, vampires, demons and monsters. The other type is sorcery where the magician uses energy of spirits to do their bidding, but however if the spell is too costly the spirit will wither away into oblivion, not a desirable fate, besides the sorcerers themselves can easily be driven mad from the spirits themselves. The third type is familiar magic where the magician borrows energy from objects and being, animals mostly. What makes you unique is you can understand Toothless. It takes an apprentice six months to a year to start understanding what an animal is trying to tell you. And you laddie are so strong not only did you have no training, but in less than a season to boot. You are also as quick as a fox and now it seems you can hold your own in a fight." Her eyes shifted to the bow and sword with his other gear laying by his cot.

As nice as this praise was he felt like something was up. "So what now?" he asked

"Now" she said while rustling through her bag relieving a vial she presented it to him "you should drink this."

Toothless growled **[if you value your life hag I would put that away]**

Ignoring the spiteful dragon he asked "What does it do?"

She held it up for closer inspection "We magic users can become more powerful by using the parts of dead magic users, sort of like a holy man carries the remains of dead saints" she explained but based on Hiccups confused face she remembered he has yet to be introduced to Christianity.

"All thirteen of use in this coven of witches has gotten our hands on a familiar magic user at one point or another and we agreed to make

you strong enough to fight this spirit we have combined the thirteen most powerful Familiar magic users to increase your power at least tenfold."

This all seemed to be too good to be true. He looked at Toothless concerned for his safety "what are the affects, both good and bad?" he asked

"You will have all the experience of thirteen magicians in you, but you must either relearn them or they will simply come to you when you need it most, like a forgotten memory. You should be able to communicate with any animal you meet and your range for Communicating with Toothless will become longer"

"What happens if I don't drink this?" he asked.

"The world will be consumed with fear and the rest of the world will live with nightmares and no hope. It's your choice she said, putting the vial in his palm. He and Toothless looked at each other expressing their concerns but in the end the decision was made. Hiccup uncorked the vial and emptied its contents down his throat trying not to think about the taste. Within seconds his stomach started to wrench and he was rolling on the floor in pain. A minute passed like this then it felt like liquid fire was traveling through his veins, after that he had a headache so bad he considered finding the closest tree and bashing his brains out on it. But it passed as soon as it came and Hiccup laid limp on the ground.

Then something amazing happened, the soreness went away and energy returned to him, Hiccup noticed Toothless falter for a second and Hiccup rushed to his aid. **[Hiccup, our bond has grown stronger!]**

Hiccup laughed out loud as he could now realize all of Toothless's memories were now becoming his and vice versa. All their strengths and weaknesses as well as feelings and thoughts. They were of one mind and two bodies.

"Now that you have experienced some of the bond as a powerful magician it's time we move on with the next step to our plans; get yourself clothed and meet me outside.

Hiccup realized for the first time he was only in leggings he quickly threw on his shirt as well as his boots armor and gauntlets. He strapped his quiver full of arrows on his back and strapped his sword to his hip. He made sure his hatchet and knife were safely with his other gear in Toothless's saddle bags. Knowing full well he was a powerful novice magician among powerful witches who spent decades honing their skills Hiccup decided he needed to play his cards safe and stay as invisible as possible. He put up his hood leaving his face in a shadow and let his ankle length cape surround him like a cloak to ward off the cold of spring as well as partially conceal the sword. He made his way outside with Toothless side by side as they saw twelve other hut that were arrange with them in a huge circle that covered an acre with dozens of women walking to and fro and in the center of all this arcane madness was a ring made of stone and within the center were three dead bodies.

**A/N: there I made sure to give you a reason why Toothless could talk. If fit in quite nicely I thought, read and review

please!**

7. Act 3 part 2

As Hiccup and Toothless followed the old witch they took in their surroundings, they were in basically in a large camp with colorful tents littering the open field. Almost all the occupants were going about their day without paying much heed to Toothless and himself, much to his surprise. Most of the people here wore cloaks and thick robes with their hoods up, with the odd person wearing a mask on their face every now and then, and none made eye contact.

**Toothless himself wasn't too happy being here himself, these people here gave off a certain vibe that made his scales shiver. Soon however they arrived at the center of the camp where the circle of huge granite stones where, the three bodies were laid on a giant sacrificial altar and a dozen women were already assembled. on the outer perimeter of all this was a lone young man close to his age casually leaning against one of the stones watching the proceedings with mild interest. the witch turned and addressed Hiccup.

**

*****"Oh, i almost forgot. Because some of us were skeptical that you and your beastie could handle this task alone we have a plan to give you some help. I need to go now and i don't have time to inform you about arcane politics, that young man there is an apprentice here and knows the whole story so feel free to ask him questions. his name is Dibent."**

**And with that the short woman went to join her peers while Hiccup went to the man. **

*****"Uh, hi there, you must be"***

*****"Dibent" he finished for him without taking his eyes off the proceedings "let me guess, all you've been told so far is you need to defeat an ancient spirit so we don't have to live in fear? typical, leaving me to do their own work for them."**

Hiccup didn't know what to do from here so he let Dibent speak as he saw fit so he didn't upset him anymore. "Well now here is the full story, this spirit is called Pitch, and he feeds off peoples fear, this gives him strength to give people nightmares which in turn he feeds off that as well. As a result rulers are getting little sleep which leads in them making shitty decisions that have dire effects for the common, Warlords are letting fear develop into pure paranoia so they now annihilate anything they deem a threat. So now 90% of our world is fearful they will never get another meal because of their kings heavy taxes or being summoned to be fodder for his armies if and when they try to deal with these warlords."

Hiccup tried to take this all in "So then what?" and Dibent snorted in amusement "the common man tried to rid their fears by blaming their misfortune on witches, as we speak giant witch hunts spread across the land in a scale never before seen. This is what tipped the scales into getting these old hags to band together to get this shit over with."

Hiccup nodded at that logic. "So what's the plan?"

*****That witch that brought you here has made the most ground so far, it has been decided that you will spearhead this problem so you have been given a great gift, but you are mortal and some of the real big old-timers think it would be better to get assistance from a demon or a spirit, so that's been the compromise. These three corpses will be turned into spirits and assist you."**

[This is going to be interesting] **Toothless put in.**

*****So how is this done?" Hiccup asked as he watched as a new wind carried the clouds out of the nighttime sky revealing a full moon watching over them." **

a smile split across Dibent's face "The coven leader is going to try to convince a smaller deity, known as man in moon" he said as he gazed up into the sky.

The leader of the coven stepped before the altar and looked to the sky "Man in moon! we have done as you asked, we have ventured far to find the people you sought. You know well our plight, speak your terms now and we will free you from your bondage and let you alter the lives of mortals yet again!"

There was an ominous sweeping of the wind through the area as a silence broke through, then the coven leader spoke again "To be clear if we free you, you shall turn these bodies before me into spirits to aid in our struggle against Pitch Black, and the conditions are that they and any other spirits you conjure may do as they see fit?" there was another pause and Dibent strained.

*****well i'll be damned, she did it" he looked at Hiccup and smiled "she may look to be about forty, but that old croon is well over a thousand years old, she was a witch back when the greeks were large and in charge, and somehow has stood the tests of time. i would kill everyone here to learn her secret" **

then the leader spoke again "We agree to the terms. I, Mother Gothel, leader of this coven release you from your bondage."

Suddenly sound stopped. from the birds to the insects, nothing made a sound. Then hiccup watched in awe as a blue light descended onto the two men and one woman and they began to levitate, the man's beard turned snow white and the other began to sprout fur and giant ears while the woman began spouting feather.

After a minute passed the bodies began to stir and rose wide eyed at their surroundings, they looked up at the moon as if it were telling them something. then Mother Gothel spoke "Welcome Guardians! we have much to discuss."

*****A/N: I'm back! update sept. 12A****

8. Chapter 8

as the newly revived spirits began to gather their wits their

attention turned to the moon as if it were talking to them, using this distraction Mother Gothel pointed at Hiccup and beckoned him to come forward. a pang a fear shot up his spine causing him to hesitate but Dimentber seemed to sense it so he gave Hiccup an encouraging shove in the rear with his boot to make him move, Toothless followed close behind and clipped the rude apprentice with his tail.

Hiccup joined the circle as the spirits turned to join the group

"I take it man in moon has informed you of the situation?" Mother Gothel inquired

the large man spoke for the first time in a thick accent he couldn't identify

"Yes, we now know of situation, he tells of a evil spirit who causes world to live lives without hopes, people who have long forgotten memories of better times, of children, women and men, old and young who have never seen the wonders this world can provide. who we were before, i have no idea. but i cannot think of a greater cause to serve then the one we have been granted. it is truly a great honor." he spoke and the two who flanked him nodded in agreement

Mother Gothel seemed to pause to assess the spirit before her, her words were calculated "you say that now, but the trials you face will be long and hard, and you may not survive. it will be a true baptism by fire if i ever saw one, your enemy is powerful and your options are few." she pointed out

Hiccup chose then to speak "surely he must have some weakness?" he tried

Mother Gothel turned to him "he is fear made manifest, he cannot be cut or shot, nor hung or caged. but he could do so to you, though he prefers to let his power squelch your positive feeling and let your negative ones consume you until your mind is all but crippled."

Hiccup paused and considered his options "could we bottle him?" he tried

Mother Gothel considered before she answered "yes, but it would have to be done magically, and thus it would require someone strong to keep him bottled"

Hiccup nodded then he considered the spirits in front of them "how strong are they?" he asked

"they get their strength from positive emotion, so if you could cut Pitch off from his source of power somehow these spirits would take his place"

"and convert the negative emotions into positive ones leaving Pitch weakened and these three capable of fending him off on their own!" Hiccup finished for her, now ecstatic that they had an idea he could work off of.

the feathered female spoke up now " so we can defeat him, but where can we find him?" she asked

Mother Gothel scowled "the witch hunts have taken their toll but public paranoia is stronger than ever, he sometimes visits my current home near Corona where they still hunt for me. we will go there together as the four of you cannot fit on that small dragon, we can plan from there."

everyone in the circle agreed and the twelve other witches left as the strange group followed Mother Gothel to the nearby river where an old fishing vessel waited for them. when everyone was aboard the large man shoved them off the shore while Hiccup took the tiller while Gothel instructed the giant bunny and the fairy how to properly set up the sail. Toothless sat at on the yardarm like a giant bird and looked at the gentle river before them that opened up into a bay that led into the ocean, into the great unknown.

(meanwhile in Arendell)

Elsa glared at the paper in front of her, it was a great puzzle that would lead her to the truth of what really happened that stormy night, of how, when, where, why her parents passed. when she wasn't studying or being tutored it became her favorite hobby, she read every detective novel at her disposal to try and figure out the secret to this puzzle. the paper was overall poor quality, probably sold as a journal by a merchant or trader. whoever bought it was either an artist or an architect or some tradesman who need a visual to draw down what he was about to create.

while it narrowed down the list she had her servants hunt down and question every tradesman and artist in Arendell where they were that night and if they had witnesses. nothing came up.

she now moved on to her next idea, her father mentioned a black dragon. she went through every book she had to find out where most dragons lived, while a few popped up here and there around the world the majority of them lived in the barbaric achipeigos. the worlds remaining Vikings lived there to avoid the changing eras but it was at a cost, they always seemed to be at war with the dragons and no other country would ever fund relief efforts, she decided that day to have her personal courier to deliver a message to one of the more peaceful villages, Berk and its chief Stoick the Vast to ask him about any known dragon riders in the area, she also included the initials for him to inspect.

all she could do now was wait

**A/N: So.. tell me what you think? **

9. Chapter 9

****(Berk)****

to be honest Stoick the Vast was happier today than he had been for months, for years he had asked the neighboring countries to aid his struggling village, and he was usually ignored. but today a messenger from Arendelle came with a message from the future ruler herself. upon this news he asked the messenger to stay the night so he could give him a reply before he returned to his princess.

**He told his brother to keep an eye on the village while he returned

to his home early. he wasn't hungry so he cleared off the table and put the parchment down, he went outside to gather a armful of firewood to give off more light. to get comfortable he took off his cloak and armor and laid it close by the door in case of another raid. finally relaxed he sat down and broke the wax seal and read the following.**

Chief Stoick the Vast of Berk

currently i am in search of a reclusive man, he has left little to no evidence of who he is or where he came from. the only things we could gather about him were that his initials are: HHH III, possibly and artist that he is associated with a black dragon. this man is of high importance to our country and must be brought in for questioning. if you could help us we would be in your debt, i eagerly await your response.

_Princess Elsa of Arendelle _

Stoick frowned as he finished the message, he found a blank piece of paper and a charcoal stick and began his response

Princess Elsa,

I can personally understand why you would ask us first, but realize we are very practical people in these times and have no need for artists, and whats more even if dragons are tameable it wouldn't be in this corner of the world. for three hundred years they have raided and killed hundreds of vikings. if you could give us a discription of the beast we could narrow down your area of search but other than that i am afriad we may not be of much help. we try to stop entire raids, not hunt down lone troublemakers.

Cheif Stoick

Stoick rubbed his eyes while racking his brains, he wished he could be of more help but he couldn't think of anything else he could write, maybe if he slept on it, or better yet drink on it maybe a hair-brained solotion could present itself.

it was still early in the afternoon and far to early to start drinking now so he decided to try to catch up on some sleep with a nap. he took off his boots and his helmet and laid down on the furs as sleep overtook him.

_in his dream Stoick was racing down a spiral staircase, it seemed to be made of some colored ice or glass, he saw Fishlegs and the twins as well as snoutlout and his father and gobber as well as astrid running in front of him. _

curious of what he was running from he turned his head to see a petite woman with a rope of golden hair in a braid, a pair of dashing young men in suits, one in white who was battered and bloody and the other in a purple suit. behind them was a ice harvester trying to restrain a young woman from going up the stairs and a group of limping soldiers. but what really got his attention was a giant snow monster with a great cat-like dragon struggling in his arms, hell bent on going up those stairs as well.

**_when everyone made it to the entrance he paused as light caught

his eye, it was cleary night outside but a blue light grew steadily brighter from the second floor above. as the light intensified a sense of foreboding doom made his legs carry him outside, the last out he followed everyone down another ice staircase where a several sleds with horses and one reindeer waited for them._**

from outside Stoick was in awe of the ice palace and all its beauty, but from the second floor the light now shined like the sun and there was a great explosion that boomed down the mountain range. the balcony doors blasted off their hinges and a figure rocketed out of the second floor as the light thrusted him/her several hundred feet before he/she skipped across the snow like a rock on water before coming to a stop while churning up snow leaving the limp body passed out in the crater.

the blond girl rushed to the figures aid and he wasn't far behind. he was probably a he based on the armor he wore. it was pitch black and didn't look like any material he had ever seen. he wore a black cloak with the hood up and with a malicious mask on his face. the girl took off the mask to see a young man with snow white hair and skin like marble. his eyes had a shadow over them anywhere, there on death's doorstep lay his son: Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third.

Stoick awakened from his vision screaming bloody murder

End
file.